

Specializing
in Suits at
\$38.50



IF you're interested in something a little nicer in fabrics and a little sweeter in style, see the new English models we're showing now at \$38.50.

EXTRA TROUSERS IF YOU WANT THEM

TILDEN'S
STORE FOR MEN

THE SPIRIT



MARCH, 1924

R
OFFICE
373
AME
1924
(Mar)



000434608

AMES PUBLIC LIBRARY

AMES, IOWA

R OFFICE 373 AME 1924
Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.

clo
an

ply cannot give; it's for such distinction that
these Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes of ours
are famous.

JAMESON'S**THE NEW EDISON****Baby Console Model**

The new Edison has recently added this beautiful cabinet to
its group of console models, in response to a definite demand from
the world of music.

Conservative design, perfect mechanism and attractive price
are the requirements met in the Baby Console. It may be just
the phonograph you would like to own. May we show you this
charming model?

OTHER MODELS \$60.00 TO \$325.00

QUADE STUDIO

417 Main St.

Ames, Iowa



**It's The
Character
Of Service
That Counts**

Not only in the navy, but in all
activities of life, the character of
service rendered, decides one's ad-
vancement or demotion.

Our optometric service, because
of its character and superiority, is
the keynote of our constantly grow-
ing business.

When in need of optical assist-
ance, let us come to your rescue.

**We Can Care
for Your Eye Troubles.**

DR. L. C. TALLMAN
Optometrist

**HEY!!**

**Your Old Shoes Made
Like New**

**SHINING
REPAIRING**

Roup's Shoe Shop

Telephone 721-J

310 1-2 Main St.

**"Whose Birthday Is
Today"**

**"SAY IT WITH
FLOWERS"**

F. J. Olsan & Sons

PHONE 8

GIRLS

**When Spring and House
Cleaning Arrive**

remember our full line of
paints, papers and Johnson's
dye, enamel, varnish and wax.

**LOWRY
&
THEIS**

Lillian Nelson: It must be tough to live in France.

Miss McDannell: Why?

L. N.: It says here that there is a French syntax.

Danny: Well, at least you'll have to admit that High School fellows know how to spend money.

Dorothy Smith: That must be the reason they so seldom practice it.

Jerome Miller: Where is my hat?

His Mother: On the oven.

Jerome: On the oven? What ridiculous thing shall I find it on next?

Mother: On your head.

B. Allen: We had a fine sunrise this morning. Did you see it?

Frances Cole: Sunrise? Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise.

Ruth Clay: I'm not myself tonight.

Frank Adams: Then we ought to have a good time.

WATCHES

DIAMONDS

G. W. DUDGEON
JEWELER

AMES

:-:

IOWA

JUST A SMALL
ADD BUT

WORTH MONEY TO
YOU

Cut out this advertisement and bring same to us any time between March 21 and April 1, and we will allow you 20 per cent discount on any shoe you may select.

Ames Bootery

OUR
NEW SPRING
Line of
CLOTHING, FURNISH-
INGS and SHOES

Will Sure Satisfy You

We invite your inspection even though you may not be quite ready to make selections.

Ames Army Goods
Store

Opposite Princess Theatre



THE SPIRIT



VOL. XIII

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

No. 2

\$2.00 a Year

MARCH, 1923

30c a Copy

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Donald Acheson '24
Assistant Editor	Robert Williams '25
Business Manager	John Hawley '24
Assistant Business Manager	Dwight Clark '25
Advertising Manager	Ted Macy '24
Assistant Advertising Manager	Victor Flickinger '25

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary	Frances Fish '24
Athletic	Ernest McFarland '26
Exchange	Helen Ruggles '26
Humor	Elizabeth Gernes '25
News	Beatrice Iler '25
Organizations	Dorothy H. Allen '24
Contest	Isabel Little '24
Society	Dorothy Duckworth '26
Art	Dean Frasche '24

REPORTERS

Welch Junior High	Ruth Raymond
Freshmen	Milton Buffington, Grace Browning
Sophomore	Frances Reis, Lyle Roup
Junior	Alice Belknap, Donald Caswell
Senior	Marian Hagen, Elmer Adams
Stenographers	Marian Little '24, Mildred Maroney '24, Josephine Foster '24
Proof Reader	Margaret Goosman '25
Literary Advisor	Mrs. Maun
Financial Advisor	Mr. Mayo



EDITOR'S PAGE

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

Say, boy, isn't it great to loaf in the auditorium? Ask anyone who indulges in the popular noon hour siesta. Talk and sleep, sleep and play, no working, no fretting, just take life easy. The more we partake of the privileges we have gained by Student Government, the better we like them.

Perhaps you have already noticed the opportunities for nice, little two party flirtations which are being eagerly sought by our leading Sheiks and Sheikesses, even some of our lesser representatives taking advantage of the quiet parlor of A. H. S.

It really is very snug, "don't cher know," to scrooch down in a little corner some place, where you may hold hands and gaze into her beautiful eyes without interruption. Surely, Romance will be among us with the coming of Spring.

Remarkable though it may be, grades don't seem to be much lower; in fact, they are high, when spring fever, etc., are taken into consideration. In the dear dead past our guardians kept the majority of us busy even at noon, when the temptation to rest is at its height.

Are you helping to keep these privileges for us? Do you spend your spare time in the auditorium or do you loaf in the hall?

Those who have discovered the possibilities under our new system are going to see that everyone helps to keep student government in Ames. They are going to live up to the code of A. H. S., which says, in short: I will be normally quiet in the halls; I will do my visiting in the auditorium; I will do everything in my power to keep Student Government in my School. I will do this, so that my friends and I may get more out of school life, so that we may meet new friends and so that we may enjoy every moment of High School life.

ADVERTISING.

The business men of Ames are, in a large way, responsible for the success of our paper. If we are to keep on having a good "Spirit", let's help the business men in return. Patronize them as much as you can. Tell them you saw their "ad" in the "Spirit". If they see their "ads" are helping their business, they will be glad to advertise again.

By doing this you are assuring the success

of the "Spirit" and Ames High, so let's back them up and, above all, let's have a good annual in 1924.

THE CARNIVAL.

The Carnival, which comes off on March 21, is probably the most enjoyed and greatest entertaining program which the High School could put on. Every bit of work which you do for the Carnival makes it that much better. If you put your share of work into the Carnival every person who goes to it will enjoy it that much more. There'll be a circus in the gym that will have Coney Island beat a mile. The Seniors will have one of the best programs that can be had. The Junior stunt this year will make all the previous ones look like a last year's bird's nest. The preps have charge of the eats and they say the typewriting room will be decorated so prettily that it will make the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon" look like the city junk heap. And above this, they will have "real" eats. The different organizations of the High School will have booths where nothing but the best of treats will be on hand. There'll be a shooting gallery, a bowling alley, and some of the newest ideas in side shows. If everyone gets a lot of pep into their systems we will have a big parade that will show the business men what is going on up at our High School. We'll have our band play and everyone will go uptown to advertise the Carnival. Let's get ready for March twenty-first right now, bring your girl, lots of money and be prepared to have a good time. If you do your share of the work, you will sure get your share of the fun.

Robert Williams '25.

NEW SCHOOL SONG.

(Tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever.")
Heres' a song to the Orange and Black.

Long may they wave o'er old Ames High!
They have survived each storm and test,
The best of the East and West.

Rah! Rah!

Our girls are most loyal and strong,
Our boys never fear to right all wrong.
Together they work, or fight, or die.
Her praises sing; her honors bring;
'Tis for old Ames High.



THE MYSTERY OF THE "BLACK MASK".

(Continued From the Last Issue.)

THE BLACK MASK (SYNOPSIS)

A thug, or so I supposed him to be, entered my room. We fired simultaneously and, before I fainted, I saw the black masked figure, with right wrist limp, hurl through the window.

When I was able to resume my work I reported to the agency and Chief Randall assigned me to the Finch case, the latest amazing robbery of the "black mask".

Hugh Halleck and I both worked for a week at Finch's unable to find a single clew. We were about to give up, but one of the servants, Hoskins, stopped at the door. He was new in the house and seemed inferior to the rest of the servants.

"Howdy, gents!" he greeted with assumed friendliness, "how's the deal comin' off?" "Fine," I replied without looking up. "At present we have discovered something of the greatest importance." This was necessary caution.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Theres' nothin 'I could be doin' for ya, is there?" he inquired, rather anxiously, I thought.

Hoskins lingered a few moments and then sauntered on down the hall. As he passed through the corridor he frowned at the floor and I imagined that I saw him give me a black and wicked look. I nudged Hugh beside me.

"Awfully interested old codger, wasn't he? Look here, Hugh, do you suppose he's implicated in this case?"

Hugh drew himself up to his full height. "If he is, we'll soon find out," he said deliberately, and for the rest of the day we devoted ourselves to delving and prying into the history and habits of our new suspect.

Gradually the hour approached when he should make our advent into society at the Fitzhugh ball. At eight I met Hugh on Broadway and together we motored through the quiet residence district, drawing up before the stately Fitzhugh home.

After many formal introductions, it was my

good fortune to accost among the gathering the beautiful Miss Margaret Payne, a rich heiress with whom I was intimately acquainted. That evening I noticed particularly the diamonds that encircled her throat. After several dances together we retired from the warmth of the ball room and strayed into the open garden which surrounded the place. At length we sought a stone bench in front of a clump of bushes and reclined, enjoying the cool breeze. There we remained for perhaps half an hour, speaking of various subjects.

Suddenly, unknown to either of us, the bushes behind us parted and a lone man in an old slouch hat and a small black mask crept noiselessly to the back of the stone seat. What occurred next is a maze of events. I suddenly became aware of the third party's presence. Turning my head aside quickly, I beheld his towering frame above me. In the same instant Margaret screamed as the diamonds were snatched rudely from her neck. I attempted to dodge a descending blackjack, but too late. It dealt me a glancing blow on the side of the head that sent my senses reeling and spinning and a shrill noise ringing in my ears. Staggering, I gained my feet only to observe the thug's figure melt away into the darkness. Rushing up the veranda steps, I spread the alarm among the confused merry-makers and telephoned the police, who scoured the city in a vain chase.

The blow which I had received by this time developed so violent a headache that I was compelled to bid farewell to my hostess and Miss Payne, who was weeping bitterly over her loss, and to return to my apartment. Hugh insisted upon accompanying me at the sacrifice of his own pleasure, and, being in no con-

dition to object, I permitted him.

But the drive through the refreshing air cleared my head wonderfully and I felt much relieved when we arrived at my apartment house. Entering the corridor, where a dim light was burning, we mounted the first flight of stairs. On the landing I stopped short and motioned for Hugh to halt. From the crack under my door there shone a light! Utterly dumfounded, I stood still and stared. But Hugh rose to the occasion. Running noisily up the remaining steps, we bounded through the hall. The light inside flickered out and, bursting open the door, I witnessed a flying form wearing a tiny black mask, bolt through the window. Flashing on the light, I made a rapid inventory of my room. Bureau drawers were open and most of my belongings searched. Everything had been ransacked and yet nothing taken, which made the mystery deeper.

While I was thus employed, Hugh rushed to the window and watched the yeggs' flight. A short distance away he had hidden behind a tree to learn if he was being followed, so we were satisfied as to his whereabouts for a short time at least. Leaving the light burning to mislead him, we decided to give chase. Pocketing our automatics, we returned to the outside doorway and waited in the shadows of the hall. In a few moments he abandoned his hiding place and, removing his mask, journeyed hastily down the sidewalk. A short distance behind we gave pursuit, but he seemed not to notice us. In this manner we at length reached a suburban business district and it was necessary to follow more closely. Ahead of us the yegg suddenly became suspicious that something was wrong, for he ducked into a doorway. Accordingly, we turned into a side street for a few yards, crossed, came back on the opposite side of the street and waited at the corner until he should move on. Soon he cautiously crept from the doorway and continued rapidly on his way.

Turning a corner, we found ourselves in an unfrequented part of the city. Everything was more or less dilapidated and shabby; houses were unpainted and weatherworn, fences sagged, yards were littered with rubbish. A block farther on our unsuspecting quarry sunk into a dark ally and knocked at the back door of a house where a dim light thrust aside a portion of the gloom. The door creaked and a man's rough voice rasped garrulously as he was admitted.

Hugh and I paused at the edge of the alley. "Hugh," I smiled triumphantly, "we've got them cornered. I want you to summon the po-

lice—a lot of them. Something tells me we are going to clean up big."

Without a word he wheeled away to do my bidding and I stepped forward to explore the abyss of darkness ahead of me. The alley was rank with the odor of decaying vegetables and refuse was strewn about in disorder, which rendered my progress necessarily slow and cautious. Reaching the house in question, I chose a position near the dirty window through which the feeble rays of a smoky lamp endeavored to penetrate. About a rude table were grouped four men, who were chewing on cigars and conversing loudly. On the table lay several crumpled black masks and in its center something which caused my eyes to open wide in amazement. The diamond necklace!

A big man with a rough beard was speaking in a tone of authority to one who appeared to have just entered.

"Well, Hoskins, did you find anything?"

"Not a thing," said Hoskins, Finch's traitor servant, "except these." Here he threw down my finger print apparatus, which I must have overlooked.

"I told you so!" said the leader with emphasis, bringing down his clenched fist with a bang. "That detective was all a big bluff and you were fool enough to believe him. I admit I was more careless than usual last Sunday night, but what can they do? They are babes when it comes to finding anything on me!"

Another of the group spoke up.

"Rawlins, I'm not so sure. They're hot on our trail and one false move will throw us out. I move we pack and leave. We cleaned up considerable this trip, anyhow."

Rawlins glared.

"You'll do as I say, Ashford," he shouted. "I'll—"

At that point I felt a hand on my shoulder and I was jerked sharply about to look into an evil, grinning face.

"Wal, sir, now what do ya think yer doing aroun' here?" the man's voice leered and he shoved me roughly against the building, knocking the ready weapon from my hand, pinning me to the wall, his fingers digging slowly into my throat, choking the breath from me. My eyes bulged and blurred, my brain grew dull and thick, and blackness would have soon enveloped me.

But at that awful moment the rushing of many feet broke the deathly silence and a veritable horde of blue-coats poured into the alley from both ends. Releasing his hold upon me, my captor dashed away with frantic speed,

only to be caught between two fires and overpowered. Alarmed to the extreme, the bandits caught up firearms and barricaded the door. A brief struggle ensued between the two armed bodies. Guns spat flashes of fire, while the officers of the law closed in on Rawlins and his gang and bore them away in handcuffs, fighting desperately to the finish.

Such was the end of the "Black Mask".

Paul M. Heffernan, '25.

"TAKE ME UP? SHAKE!"

"Trixie" Gale was voicing her opinion. "Yes, but I cannot see what you girls see in Ward Britton. He is the slowest thing in seven ages. Oh, yes, I suppose he is the handsomest man in his frat, but there's no pep in him. He wouldn't even ask a girl to go anywhere. He'd turn red at the very mention of a girl. Have him if you wish—but not for me!"

"Why, Beatrix Jeanette Gale, I never heard or believed you could say such things. What has come over you? I'll bet a five pound box of the best chocolates in town that you'll change your mind before the quarter is up. Take me up? Shake!" and the bargain was made. "Yes, and what do you bet you don't fall in love with him in the bargain? I'll—ouch! No fair throwing the hardest pillows in the room. Quit, ouch! I'm going—" and Kitty Howard, "Trixie's" gay roommate, vanished amid a terrific bombardment of many hued pillows. In a minute a white handkerchief was thrust into the room on a broom handle.

"Come on in, you careless bidder. I'll teach you to say such things. Say, Kit, this place is getting altogether too quiet for me. What do you say we —"

"Whoa, wait a minute. Be careful with your ideas. They are a trifle wild once in a while," remonstrated sober Kitty, although her eyes danced with excitement.

"Oh, now, sober face, erase that frown from that bewitching face of yours. Let's ask Aunt 'Cil' if we can't have a masked ball and invite the frat next door. You know we sorority girls have to have some fun. Come on, let's ask Aunt 'Cil' now." And away they went. At the end of the week invitations were sent to the next door neighbors. Trixie and Kitty immediately began planning costumes.

In the meantime, in the "frat next door," Ward Britton was being initiated. His pal and roommate, Max King, happened to be an especial friend of Kitty's. Kitty and Max often

stole a few minutes in the evening to indulge in strictly private business. They always met under a big oak tree in the immense lawn between the sorority and frat houses.

One night, a little later than usual, Kitty and Max met "in the usual way" and immediately began some mysterious whispering. "But don't you see, Max? I just have to. You must help me or else I can't make it work. Oh, dear! you don't care for me any more; I know you don't. I guess I'll just—"

"Aw, gee! Kit, 'course I'll do it. You know I will, but it's going to be tough on Ward." And they crept back to their rooms, Kitty bursting with suppressed joy and mischievousness; Max, wondering how on earth he was to accomplish the task set before him.

"Oh-h-h! You look perfectly like a dream in that silver costume," cried the astonished Kitty, regardless of proper adjectives and sentence construction.

"I declare, if you hadn't spoken to me I'd have thought I was seeing things. I thought, anyway, that when Aunt 'Cil' gave me a glass of grape juice tonight it tasted rather strong. I dare you to go out under that big oak tree tonight at nine and do the dance you have to do at the ball. Take me up? Shake!" and again a bargain was made by the scheming Kitty, for she had immediately seen a way to put across the plan she had discussed with Max the night before.

At exactly nine o'clock the smiling Trixie, her eyes gleaming, her golden curls bobbing up and down with excitement, and her tiny silver shod feet skipping over the ground, took her place under the oak. She began her dance, humming the song to herself. Her slender young body swayed back and forth in perfect rhythm with her ever-moving feet. She came to the end. Her face aglow with excitement, she leaped high in the air and came down in a graceful bow—before a masked figure in white flannels.

"Oh-h-h," gasped the astonished and rather frightened Baetrix, "who—who are you?"

"May I ask the same? As far as my name goes, you may call me anything you like. That was quite a wonderful piece of art—the dance, I mean. You didn't know you had an audience, did you?" And a rich, deep laugh rang out on the stillness of the night.

"Oh! Please don't do that. Don't you know I'm not supposed to be here? I-I-er-just took a dare. Please don't tell on me, will you? I-I didn't mean to stay so long, anyway. I—" and Beatrix disappeared. She rushed back to the

shielding darkness of her room, followed by another hearty laugh, and blushed furiously when Kitty, apparently oblivious of all happenings, asked her how she had managed her stunt. At last Beatrix Gale's curiosity was aroused. Who could the owner of the wonderful laugh be? And she fell asleep still wondering. At the same time Ward Britton was cursing himself for a fool for having let this vision of loveliness get on his mind so much that he stayed awake an hour longer than usual, dreaming of her. Some way to initiate a fellow. The boys might at least have given the girl a fair chance and not embarrassed her so. What if he never met her again? He couldn't let her go out of his life like that. And he, too, fell asleep still wondering.

The night of the ball arrived. The lawn between the sorority and frat houses was decorated and glowing with Japanese lanterns. Beatrix wandered out among the flowers and sat down near the oak tree, in a little corner quite hidden from view of a chance passerby. She had been sitting there perhaps ten minutes when she heard a deep laugh ring out. She felt a tingling sensation and then she saw Kitty and the very person she had met that fateful night under the same oak tree.

Kitty was earnestly trying to explain something to her quiet listener. "Take me up? Shake!" As Beatrix caught these words, spoken louder than the rest, she experienced a feeling she had never had before. Surely it wasn't jealousy! Kitty and her partner walked away, leaving Beatrix once more to her thoughts. Then over the still night air came the faint murmur of excited voices. She only caught a few words, but they were enough to convince her.

"Will you?" came a pleasing voice suspiciously like that of Max King.

"Y-yes, if—" and the rest was lost in a slight rustle of the leaves close by. Again she heard the girl say, "Take me up? Shake!" and then she knew it all. What would she do without Kitty? Why should she ever enjoy some worthwhile thing? A tear glistened on her cheek, then—

"How about it, little fairy? You can have the same experience if you wish. What do you say?" inquired a husky voice close to Beatrix's ear.

"Oh," was all Beatrix could say, for there stood Ward Britton, her masked hero. Then relapsing into her chum's form of speech, she timidly inquired, "Really? Take me up?

Shake!" But she was rudely but altogether enjoyably interrupted just as an obliging cloud covered the grinning moon.

Beatrice Iler, '25.

"STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT."

The "lights out" bell had just rung and all was quiet in the west wing of the big dormitory. Jean Anderson lay quietly staring out thru the open window at the darkness. She was so lonely, just plain homesick. The soft darkness seemed to caress her hot cheeks as big tears welled up in her eyes. School was all so new and strange and she longed for home and some of the old homey good times which she had experienced. There was the dance Saturday night, given by an old friend of her mother's, so that Jean might meet many new people. But that held no thrills for Jean. She was tired of new things, new people, newness everywhere. She raised her eyes and glimpsed thru her tears at a shining star. It seemed to twinkle, nod and dance and the words of the old rhyme came to her. "Perhaps, perhaps," she thought, "if I do wish, it might come true; you never can tell." So, eagerly, almost smiling at her own foolishness, she repeated the old words:

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight."

"I wish—I wish—Oh, it must be something perfectly thrilling—I wish—" But just then her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the ringing of the fire gong. "Goodness gracious," she thought, "this is altogether too thrilling." It seemed oddly funny, too, when she looked over the group of recklessly dressed, sleepy girls in the "Dorm" parlor for roll call.

A little later, when the "Dorm" was quiet again, Jean, now very tired, murmured as she fell asleep: "Star light—I wish—I wish—" and she slept. The little star looked down and twinkled.

The next day, Friday, was very much as other Fridays and Jean was kept busy all day with her studies. After dinner that night she sat at her table studying, when suddenly she jumped up, "What on earth am I going to wear tomorrow night? My party gown is a wreck since I tore the net; whatever can I do?" As she was vainly hunting for a solution, there came a rap at the door and Kitty Gerald burst into the room.

"Say, Jean," she gasped breathlessly, "can I

—may I borrow—whats wrong? You look 'sorta' desperate—oh, what a beautiful dress! Is it yours? Oh, you lucky girl. Oh—the net is torn—what a shame. But that doesn't matter. I'll fix it for you in a jiffy." Here her flow of words stopped, but she spoke again in a minute, though somewhat hindered by a mouthful of pins, "There—now isn't that just as good as ever?"

Jean, clad in her party gown, turned before the mirror. A smile of pleasure dawned upon her face. "Kitty, you darling, you're the cleverest thing. Why, it's much better looking than it was before. What was it you wanted? Take anything—anything you want is yours. I was about to give up and go to that party in the first thing I got hold of and then have a perfectly horrid time."

Saturday classes just flew and before Jean had time to be lonely she was dressed in her gay light gown, with her cape over her shoulders and ready for whatever pleasure she might find at the party in her honor.

When she reached the home of Aunt Hilda, as she affectionately called her mother's friend, the moon was already shining down on an enchanted scene. The house was dazzling with its bright lights, but the garden was softly gleaming under the pale moon light.

For some unknown reason, Jean wandered into the enchanted garden instead of entering the house. The garden was quiet and still but for the light splashing of the gleaming, twinkling waters of the fountain. Jean dropped her cape on the bench and, drawn irresistibly, she danced toward the fountain. The splashing water fascinated her and leaping, running, balancing, she danced for the sparkling drops and the moon. Suddenly she realized that the grass was damp and the air cool. She dashed for her cape and ran straight into something—somebody. Startled and muffled exclamations followed. After due apologies and explanations, Jean and the young man left the garden, agreeing that Jean should then enter the house and later he would follow her.

Jean, appearing calm, though perhaps a little flushed, was warmly greeted by Aunt Hilda. She began to meet people. Everybody seemed so nice, but her eyes were searching for something. Aunt Hilda was saying, "—and Jean, I should like you to know my son; John, this is Jean Anderson. Will you take care of her for a few minutes? I must see the orchestra." So saying, she left Jean.

Not till then did Jean raise her eyes to study

the face before her. It was strangely familiar and yet it couldn't be. "Oh, yes," he was saying, "the electrical lighting is a wonderful thing, but the moon is quite the more beautiful, don't you think?" Yes, Jean knew now without a doubt that there was no mistake. She smiled and answered gravely, "Yes, I think you're right; the moon is very fascinating." They moved off in the dance, gaily chattering of very important inconsequent matters pertaining to everything in general.

Out over the garden the moon streamed in full radiance. The splashing waters of the fountain gleamed and glistened. The soft dark shadows played with the moonbeams and up very high the little star twinkled.

Frances Jones '24.

ANOTHER SONG.

(Tune of "Princeton's Orange and Black.")
Thru the four long years of High School,
Midst the scenes we love so well,
As the mystic charms of knowledge,
We vainly seek to spell.
We win athletic victories,
Our work we do not slack;
Still we work for dear old Ames High
And the Orange and the Black.

Our girls they are the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
Our boys they are the bravest
And they'll not suffer wrong.
Together for old Ames High
They work with all their might,
And proudly march to victory
'Neath the Orange and the Black.

When the cares of life o'ertake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray,
Should our dearest hopes betray us,
False fortune fall away,
Still we banish care and sadness,
Our hearts no lightness lack,
As we recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black.

Sentiments of Miss McKay.

'Twas the night before pay day,
And all through my purse
I'd hunted in vain, with almost a curse.
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,
The kale was off duty, the greenbacks had quit.
Forward, turn forward, O Time
In thy flight,
And make it tomorrow,
Just for tonight.



FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Mrs. Gantt is teaching at Munoz School, Nueva Ecija, Philippine Islands. The school is rather large (covering several acres). Mr. Gantt is principal of the school. The students have small "farms", which they cultivate. They are taught to be shoemakers, carpenters and several other trades. Mrs. Gantt sends her greetings to all.

Miss Barnes was here January 4 to visit Ames High again. You know she teaches at Cheyenne now.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

A gum-chewing contest will be held in Mrs. Young's room April 32, 1924. All students and teachers who wish to enter the contest, send your registration fees to the office sooner or later. The requirements are simple—in fact, any simple minded person could do it—so all of you come and try your luck. You must be able to chew 10 sticks of gum at a time for 10 consecutive minutes at the rate of 100 chews per minute.

First prize will be a wax flat iron for the girls and a pair of felt lined skis for the boys. Second prize will be a fur lined syrup pitcher.

In defense of Mr. Vanderlinden and Mr. Stevenson.

Many reports have been in circulation to the effect that Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Vanderlinden have been seen in Nevada many times by Ames High students.

But there are two sides to the question. In order to see Mr. Vanderlinden and Mr. Steven-

son in Nevada, the aforementioned Ames High students would have to be in Nevada themselves, wouldn't they? Now the question is: what were our fellow students doing in Nevada themselves?

Helen Cupps was in town Feb. 2 from Des Moines. She came to Ames to attend a dance at the college.

Miss McCorkindale attended the History Conference at the State University of Iowa, Feb. 7, 8 and 9.

Three girls of the Niaid Club at the college were chosen to swim with Johnnie Weismuller, a champion swimmer. Blanche Belknap was one of the three lucky ones. Blanche is now president of the club.

Dick McCarthy, who has been sick since last June, is rapidly convalescing. Don Caswell has been to visit Dick several times and says there is one especially attractive feature about the hospital and that is the nurse. Don says she should be a pretty good drawing card for the boys. But in order that Dick won't suffer a relapse, we ask that you boys don't all go at once. Dick would have been a Junior this year and the Juniors were sorry to lose him, but he'll be back in school next year "a rarin' to go".

Charles Welsh and Irwin Douglas made their football letters at Monmouth College, Ill., this fall. Nine "rahs" for Welsh and Douglas.

Breathless stillness prevails. The heavy breathing of the multitude can be heard like the exhaust from a railroad engine. The ex-

citement rises! Everyone is on the edge of his seat. All eyes are centered on the clock. The suspense is terrible. Ah! The time grows shorter! One minute more of agony! Three-quarters of a minute—a half—a quarter—Clang-g-g! The reaction from the prolonged stillness bursts upon the mob! There is a stampede for the doors! There are shouts, yells, cries, howls, cheers of triumph, groans of defeat. Then the crowd makes a mad dash for the stairway and the daily battle is over.

* * *

The above paragraph describes the scene which takes place daily in Miss Atwood's 5th period study hall.

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY A GRAND SUCCESS.

Students of the Junior class in High School netted \$152.10 from the proceeds of the play given by the class this year, after all the expenses were paid.

Though future classes may make mighty efforts and attempt great things, it will be in vain, so the Juniors now think. But we all will have to admit that the cast was well chosen for the Junior Class play. No one else but Beatrice Iler could have gotten Victor Flickinger out of all his troubles and into some worse ones. No one but Dwight Clark could have been the sheik of the evening, and it would be useless to try to find someone to compare with Clamie Chittenden as an up-to-date flapper and Bob Williams as a "bashful" young man.

The proceeds of the play go to pay for the banquet given to the Seniors by the Juniors at the close of the school year. It is thought that the banquet this year can be given without any assessment.

HONOR SYSTEM ADOPTED AT AMES HIGH.

Ames High is now under the new student government or honor system as a result of the united efforts of the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y organizations.

It is interesting to follow the growth of the plan. It began Nov. 24 when the Girl Reserves cabinet invited the cabinet of the Hi-Y to meet with them and discuss the furthering of the interests of Ames High. They discussed this proposition, along with other things, and voted to back such a movement.

Tuesday, Dec. 4, both clubs sent four delegates from each organization to Des Moines

to visit the Des Moines schools and obtain data on the subjects of "Courtesy," "Attitude in the Halls," Neatness" and "School Spirit." All these delegates reported what they had learned at the regular meetings the following morning.

Monday morning, Dec. 10, the two cabinets held a joint meeting and mapped out a program which resulted in putting the honor system in effect Thursday noon. At this time they decided to invite four representatives from those who are not members of the two organizations to join with them to put across the proposition. Monday afternoon these representatives were elected. Tuesday evening the two cabinets, together with the representatives, met and worked out an honor system to present to the student body. The plan as worked out was presented to Mr. Wygant, since he was not present at any of the meetings. His approval was given most heartily, since he realized that it was one of the biggest and finest programs that could be staged in Ames High.

Wednesday morning, the third period, the plan was presented to the school. The fourth period, members of the committees conducted discussions in the various class rooms.

Thursday morning, at the end of the third period, Daniel McLeod presented the honor system to the student body, to be accepted or rejected. The result was 380 voted for it and 14 against it.

Everyone was given copies of the system. Thursday the students entered into the proposition wholeheartedly, putting it across almost 100 percent. One of the finest features of the program is that it was worked out largely by students, and as now working, neither teacher nor student monitors are required in the halls.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Donald Acheson is trying his best to win a smile from Frances Larson.

Elmer Adams became extremely jealous of Donald Acheson after Dec. 21.

"Jo" Thurber did not like it that Clamie Chittenden went to the New Year's Ball with "Red" Dunlap.

Ruth Clay and Frank Adams are inseparable. They certainly have it bad.

Frances Cole and Bert Allan are seen together frequently.

We hear that "Jo" Thurber was hard to get along with. Be careful, girls! He once took one girl to some social function, but took another one home.

Frances Larson, innocent vamp of Ames High School, has added to her list of admirers and favorites the "Sheik of the Dramatic Club." Things are progressing with a vengeance.

Beware, "Jo"! Her gracious smile is not for you alone.

WOULD YOU EVER! ! !

A Senior fellow last semester asked to take a girl home from some social doing. She lived on the south side of the street. He stopped his car on the north side, opened the door, let her out, and drove on.

Oh, J. T., we have heard of dumbbells before, but you beat all records.

ANOTHER MYSTERY

What did Mr. Vanderlinden give his girl for Christmas in 1922?

Before the honor system was adopted in Ames High School the "Girls' Rest-Room Club" contained about fifty percent of all the girls in our beloved school. Now, however, not more than ten percent belong. The reason for this is because a large number of the girls can meet friends in the auditorium now that they could not meet in the rest-room. The first to drop out of the R. R. Club was Ruth Clay.

H. Newhard: The man I marry must be a hero.

Gladys Dawson: He will be.

We hear that Mr. Stevenson answers all questions very intelligently at meetings of the Teachers' Reading Circle? Especially so at a meeting last December.

LOST—An umbrella, by a boy with an ivory head and a bent rib.

Ask Miss Atwood about Mr. Ragsdale's dream.

Miss Atwood and Miss Lynch exchanged silverware gifts for Christmas. Looks as though our English Department might lose a couple of good English instructors this year. We hope not.

Miss Davis has her silverware pattern picked, wears a diamond and makes frequent visits to Iowa City. You'll have to do something to stop this or you won't have her next year.

Frances McDowell and Art Johnson are getting rather thick. She's taught him to dance and he has a new Ford.

Have you noticed that Lyle Porter meets Frances Fish at her locker three times a day?

Mr. Vanderlinden does not like it that "Vic" Flickinger spends so much time in Miss Schut's room.

Talk About Dumbbells.

Some of our Ames High students were in the balcony of the Chocolate Shop. They got to talking about what would happen if the floor should go through, when, to their surprise, Cleo Lockwood got up on the table. When asked for her reason she said that she was going to sit on the table so that if the floor should cave in she'd be all right.

RING LOST.

It is reported that Roger Martin has lost a ring. It was lost somewhere between Lincoln Way and Story City. This writer could not find out whether it is a diamond, signet, Campfire, platinum, engagement or key ring. Perhaps it is of the dime store variety. Finder please return to Ellen Bauge and receive reward (?).

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

Recently Howard McGriff was seen in public wearing his first pair of long trousers. He was first seen in the company of two Juniors. They were probably along to prevent violence in the event that a mob gathered.

P. S.—Mac sports a vest, too!

Campbell: What did you do the mile in?
Cory: My track suit, of course.

Miss McKay has threatened to pinch Shirley Gord if he **doesn't stop speeding in penmanship.**

Mother was unpacking son John's suitcase, and found a pawn ticket hanging on his coat. "John, what is this tag on your coat?"

John: "O, I was at a dance, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later she came upon the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled look, she inquired, "John, what sort of a dance was that?"—Dennison P. Flammings.

Dean Frasche: Miss Evans said we'd have a test today, rain or shine. Oh! Boy!

Dorothy T.: Well?

D. Frasche: It's snowing.



SOCIETY



HIGH SCHOOL PLAYERS HONORED AT BANQUET.

Songs of the campus and high school, talks by several people and a four-course dinner were features of the evening of the community dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce Dec. 9 in honor of the Iowa State College gridiron squad and the college band.

Good fellowship intermingled with "pep" and enthusiasm of college football prevailed throughout.

The tables, set in the gymnasium of Margaret hall, were attractively decorated in the colors of the college, poinsettias and chrysanthemums forming the floral decorations. At the head table were seated officers of the Chamber of Commerce and Iowa State College, with an unexpected guest, D. D. Murphy of Elkader, president of the Iowa State Board of Education. Speakers on the program were also seated at this table.

A sumptuous four-course dinner was served by students of the home economics department. During the removal of the courses the familiar and traditional yells of the college were given by the banqueters, led by Neil K. Clemensen, yell leader of the past football season. These were interspersed by campus songs sung in the regular college manner and led by Tolbert MacRae of the music department.

At the close of the dinner, J. L. Powers, vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, was introduced by Prof. John S. Dodds, president, as the toastmaster of the evening program. He presented the following speakers: President R. A. Pearson, who spoke on "The Referee;" Ira Young, captain of the season's football team, "My Last Game;" Captain Harry Schmidt of the 1924 team, "The Kick-off for '24;" Sam Willaman, "Defending Our Goal;" T. G. Garfield of the State University, "Off Tackle Play,"

and F. W. Beckman, professor of agricultural journalism, Iowa State College, "Let's Keep 'Em Fighting for Ames." Each speech was closed by a brief musical number from the band.

It was voted to make the affair an annual event at the close of each football season.

The Ames high school football players were special guests of the dinner, and assisted in the yells and singing and also gave some of their own.

SOPHOMORE PARTY.

The Sophomores held their class party Friday evening, November 30.

Five of the girls dramatized "Bluebeard". They were: Lucile Penfield as Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Dorothy Duckworth as Bluebeard; Madelyn Murray as Sister Annie, and Ada Rayness and Winifred Miller as the brothers of the wife.

With Ernest McFarland as Little Red Riding Hood, several of the boys dramatized that well known fairy tale. A. J. Graves made a very loving mother to Red Riding Hood and Robert Sloan made a very "laughable" old wolf. Gerald Feroe and Dale Matlack proved to be professional murderers in their parts as woodmen.

After the plays, several games were indulged in. Later, ice cream and cake were served. A very good time was enjoyed by the few who were there.

WELCH NINTH GRADE PARTY.

The Friday before Christmas the class sponsors, Mrs. Tague and Mrs. Van Cleve, entertained the freshman class at a Christmas party. A grab bag was one of the features of the evening and afforded great hilarity. Near the close of the evening Christmas cakes, candies and ice cream were served.

NO CLASS PARTIES THIS SEMESTER.

The classes have decided not to have their class parties in the gym this semester. Picnics seem to be all the rage.

Before entering High School, our Freshmen heard that there were three sources of amusement in High School. The first, that each class was granted a party the first semester; the second, that each class was granted a picnic in the Spring; and third, that each class had some part in the Carnival.

The Freshmen, as well as each of the other classes, had their party the first semester, and are starting on their plans for the Carnival. By the end of March they will be looking forward to the picnic at "The Bluffs" or "Sunset Rock," or some such wooded spot nearby.

However, the Juniors believe that they can have better times individually, so they are going to dispense with the class picnic in the Spring.

JUNIOR PARTY.

The Juniors left their dignity at home and assembled in a "Round-up", Saturday night, December 15. Spurs, guns, sombreros and other "wild and wooly" things were the prevailing fashion of the evening.

Lassoing contests and wrestling bouts were held in the gym, after which a program was held in the auditorium. The Junior Class Jazz Orchestra furnished music during intermissions. Much talent was displayed in the program, and some clever stunts furnished amusement for the "westerners" (as well as for Mr. Wygant).

Then, last but not least, everyone went to Miss Atwood's room, where Coney Islands, cocoa, cookies and candies were served at long tables in true cowboy style.

HI-Y HOLDS CONFERENCE ON LIFE WORK.

What turned out to be the most influential series of meetings ever connected with the Ames High School was held on February 5 and 6.

The meeting was known as the Campaign of Friendship, the purpose of which was to assist the boys in choosing the life work for which they are best qualified. It also emphasized those qualifications which every vocation demands.

Those who supervised the two-day meeting

were E. C. Wolcott of Kansas City, Mo., one of the prominent boy work leaders in the United States; Paul Somers, Hi-Y secretary of the Des Moines Y. M. C. A.; C. E. Ford, state boys' work leader in the Y. M. C. A.; F. C. Stevenson, secretary of the college Y. M. C. A.; J. S. Vanderlinden, Hi-Y leader at Ames High.

On Wednesday evening following these conferences, Mr. Wolcott addressed the High School boys preceding a luncheon that was given to the boys by the Ames Rotary Club. Wolcott talked on Christian Character.

Following this luncheon the boys and men divided into groups according to professions. The boys who desired to enter one particular trade or profession gathered in separate class rooms and listened to descriptions of the trade or profession by a member of the Rotary Club in that particular vocation.

It Might Mean Auto.

A teacher asked Jack what the word "furlough" meant.

Jack answered, "It means a mule. That is what it says in this book."

The teacher asked to see the book. Jack turned to a picture of a soldier on a mule. Underneath the picture were the words, "Going home on his furlough."

She Asked Him.

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me where shingles were first used?

John: Yes'm, but I'd rather not, ma'am.

She walked up the winding stair,
And close behind I followed;
She stooped down to tie her shoe,
My chewing gum I swallowed.

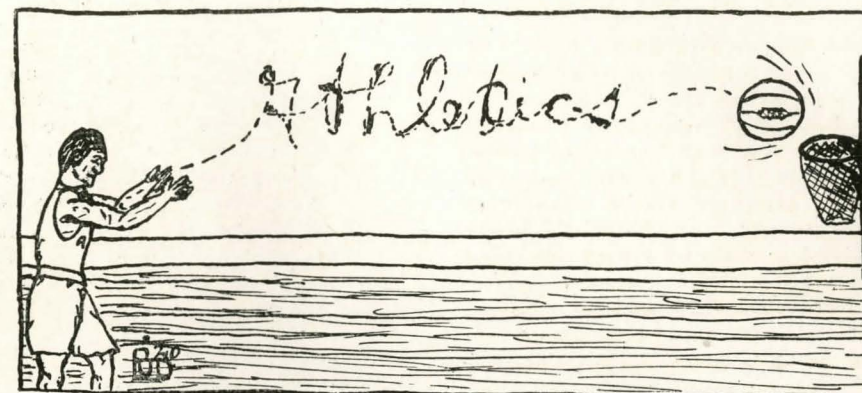
The Autumn leaves are falling,
They are falling everywhere;
They are falling through the atmosphere,
And likewise through the air.

First Boy: The king touched my father on the head and he was made a knight.

Second Boy: That's nothing; a cop touched my dad on the head and he became an angel.

Gale Allen: Whats' that sign over there, Tonsorial Parlors?

Frances Morrissey (loftily): Just a local barbarism.



THE BASKETBALL REVIEW.

The 1923-24 basketball season was, as you must already know, a marked success. The team, although handicapped in the beginning of the season by a basket shooting jinx, showed that they had the loyal Ames High spirit when they came back in the latter part of the year with five straight victories.

Coach Campbell introduced an entirely new system of play in the long pass, which, after being perfected, was used to great advantage. With this the locals used the five man defense in which Orrie Roe and Gale Allen figured largely. Daubert, along with Flack and Lyle Allen, led the attack.

So great was the enthusiasm over basketball that over eighty men reported for basketball the first day. From this number the coach picked a first and a second team. These squads practiced at night and the remaining candidates in the afternoon.

Nevada 18; Ames 4.

The Cyclones, playing their first game, lost to Nevada on the home floor by an 18 to 4 count. The Ames players had not found their eye for the basket, while Nevada had played three games and they had learned to work well together. Long shots accounted for six of the visitors' field goals. The locals were only able to make two close shots even after working the ball down under Nevada's basket consistently. Out of nine chances at free throws Ames was not able to make any. Nevada threw two out of five.

O. Roe and L. Allen figured largely in the strong defensive game played by Ames. Sowers, the Nevada center, played a good game.

Marshalltown 29; Ames 19.

Although improving greatly since the first game, Ames High was unable to win from the Marshalltown quintet on their opponents' floor.

Ames did not seem able to get going in the early part of the game and at the end of the first half the score was 24 to 8. In the second half the local quintet outplayed their opponents in all departments of the game.

J. Carberry was high scorer with three field goals, while G. Allen and O. Roe played a good defensive game at guards.

This being Marshalltown's eighth consecutive victory, the Ames team did remarkably well to hold the score so evenly as they did.

Toledo 18; Ames 15.

In one of the fastest and evenest games ever staged on the Toledo floor, Ames High met defeat at the hands of Toledo High. The game was close fought throughout and only by a long shot in the last thirty seconds of play did the Toledo five win. This was the only score they made during the entire second half. Each team made seven field goals, so it was only in their opponents' superior ability to throw free throws that the Ames five were beaten.

Both teams worked excellently, with J. Carberry again being high scorer for Ames.

Missouri Valley 24; Ames 8.

Struggling under the handicap that held them back in the beginning of the season, Coach Campbell's team was downed, 24 to 8, by Missouri Valley. The locals repeatedly broke through their opponents' defense, but were unable to make the baskets.

The whole Ames team played consistently and worked hard throughout the game.

Grinnell 16; Ames 11.

Ames High lost its fifth game when they went down to defeat before the strong Grinnell team, 16 to 11. It was a fast game, with both teams fighting hard.

Ames staged a comeback in the final period, but was unable to even the score.

Ames, as in preceding games, showed excellent teamwork, but were handicapped at the basket. Al Martin exhibited a remarkable brand of dribbling and floor work by working the ball down the floor consistently, only to miss the basket. Gale Allen played a good game at guard, breaking up many of Grinnell's plays.

Boone 30; Ames 6.

Playing without the services of two of the strongest men, the Ames High squad again met defeat at Boone by a 30 to 6 score.

Three inexperienced men had to be used, as the train on which several players were going to Boone was late. The players arrived too late to take part.

Gale Allen was taken out of the game on account of injuries, thus weakening the Ames defenses.

Orrie Roe and Lyle Allen played a strong defensive game.

Ames 18; Grinnell 12.

With the breaks of the game in their favor, Ames High won their first cage game of the season by defeating Grinnell on the home floor, 18 to 12.

Close guarding, coupled with the sensational work of Daubert and Martin on offense, featured for Ames. Ames entirely outclassed their opponents. This was partly due to the fact that Grinnell is used to playing on a larger floor.

Daubert led the scoring with eleven points.

Ames 22; Story City 8.

The Cyclones romped off with a 22 to 7 victory over Story City, after being held to a 7 to 7 tie for the first half.

The close guarding of the Ames High quintet again featured, along with the excellent offensive playing of Flack and Daubert. These two men, although they are new, have strengthened the team considerably.

Story City had a good short pass game, but they were unable to break through the strong Ames defense.

Ames 27; Webster City 11.

On February 8, Ames High continued the comeback that they had been staging for three weeks when they won a 27 to 11 battle from Webster City on the opponents' floor.

The locals entirely outclassed their opponents both in floor work and basket shooting. The basket shooting jinx that had been handicapping the Cyclones was broken in this game. Ames made good one out of every five tries at the basket. L. Allen and Flack went on a rampage and scored eight field goals in one period.

Although Webster City had a strong short pass, they were unable to make any headway through the Ames cagers' stone wall defense.

The Ames free throw work was greatly improved in this game.

Ames 27; Gilbert 16.

The local cagers at last proved that they had rounded into form when they defeated the fast Gilbert team, 27 to 15, February 9, on the Gilbert floor.

The Gilbert team played well individually, but did not seem to get together, although they were playing on the home floor.

O. Askelson, captain and star basket shooter of the Gilbert five, was held to one field goal by the stellar guarding of Gale Allen. Daubert played an outstanding game at forward, scoring seven field goals. He was ably assisted by Flack, who sank three counters.

Ames is the first team that has defeated Gilbert since last October. In this game the Young Cyclones partially atoned for the defeat they received from Nevada at the first of the season, as Gilbert has her on her list of victories.

Ames 9; Boone 7.

In one of the closest and hardest fought games ever played on the Ames High floor, the Cyclones won over Boone High, 9 to 7. This is the first victory Ames has had over Boone since 1914.

Until the last minute of play, the outcome of the game was in doubt, since in the final period the conflict swayed, first one team being ahead and then the other. At no time during the game did either team have more than a two point lead.

The score was tied at the end of the first quarter, 1 to 1, but in the second period Boone managed to tally two free throws. In the third



Coach Campbell, Hawley, Flack, Steele, Cory, Thurber, G. Allen, Martin, Daubert, O. Roe, L. Allen, C. Allan, J. Carberry, Ruggles, Martin, Neal.

quarter Gale Allen and Flack found the basket for a field goal each, while Boone made but one, thus tying the score 5 all. In the last period each team had managed to score two free throws, when Flack, the Ames center, got loose and dribbling to the end of the floor scored a field goal.

Due to the excellent guarding of both teams, field goals were nearly impossible.

Flack at center was probably the outstanding player for Ames, although the whole team played well. Flack not only out-played his man on the floor, but he also got an even break at the jumping position.

Evidently Boone did not intend to let Daubert get loose, as the two visiting guards were apparently delegated to watch him.

Summary: Field goals, Flack 2, G. Allen 1, Halleen 1. Free throws, O. Roe 2, Flack 1, Caldwell 2, Johnston 1, Halleen 2.

Official—Referee Harper of Iowa State College.

Gilbert 15; Ames 12.

After playing rings around the Gilbert five in both basket and floor work, the luck of the Ames team changed and they were unable to score more than three points to Gilberts' eight

in the second half. The locals' defense held out through the entire game, making short shots in the final period impossible, but the visitors won with a final score of 15 to 12.

Summary—Field goals: L. Allen 1, Flack 2, G. Allen 1, O. Axleton 4, L. Axleton 1, Lake 1. Free throws: L. Allen 4, Axleton 1, L. Axleton 2.

Ames 10; Marshalltown 14.

With two lucky shots in an extra period, Marshalltown defeated Ames High 14 to 10 on the home floor. The inability of the locals to throw free throws lost them the game.

The score at the end of the game was 10 to 10 and in the extra period Ehart and Andrew of Marshalltown each got a lucky shot, making it 10 to 14.

At the end of the first quarter, Marshalltown led 4 to 3, but in the second period Ames gained a one point lead, which they held until the last quarter.

Both teams had perfect team work on both offense and defense. In the second half neither team scored a field goal.

Marshalltown made six out of seven free throws to Ames' four out of eleven.

Just before the game, Orrie Roe, running

guard and three year veteran, was elected honorary captain of the Ames High team.

Summary—Field goals: Flack 2, L. Allen 1, Mowry 1, Ehart 1, Andrews 2. Free throws: L. Allen 1, Flack 1, O. Roe 1, G. Allen 1, Flower 2, Thomas 2, Mowry 2.

Referee: Steinbeck from Y. M. C. A., Des Moines.

THE SECOND TEAM.

The Ames Seconds, although they didn't win every game, had a good team this season. H. F. Stevenson of the science department coached the squad.

Four of the five games the locals played were with first teams. The team worked well in most of the games and several men showed great promise for next year.

Ames Seconds 7; Beaver 44.

Handicapped by a small floor and a low ceiling, the Ames Seconds lost their first game to the strong Beaver quintet.

The team worked well together, although they were outclassed in both weight and experience.

The Beaver team had a good eye for the basket and several excellent dribblers.

Ames Seconds 12; Nevada Seconds 11.

In a hard fought game that was full of thrills from start to finish, the Ames Seconds won from Nevada, 12 to 11, on the home floor.

The teams were evenly matched in both offense and defense. The score see-sawed back and forth throughout the game, in favor of first one team and then the other. The final basket was shot by Sloan in the last few seconds of play.

Ames Seconds 8; Beayer 28.

The locals lost their second game to Beaver on the home floor, 8 to 28. The Ames Seconds held the big team down until the second half, when they seemed unable to stop them. Several of the Ames players were not up to form. This weakened the team greatly.

Ames Seconds 13; Shipley 14.

The Ames Seconds were unable to find the hoop, although they excelled in floor work. The Shipley team had an uncanny eye for the basket and rarely missed on either long or short shots.

Ames Seconds 29; Shipley 22.

In the last game of the season the Ames Seconds won a 29 to 22 victory from Shipley on the latter's floor. The locals were up to form and played an excellent game. The feature playing of the game was done by Williams.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The Senior girls walked off with the girls' basketball tournament on February 26, 27 and 28. They easily defeated the Freshmen and Sophomores in the preliminary rounds. The final game with the Juniors was at 1.0 time in doubt about the outcome. The final score was 18 to 6. The Seniors outclassed the lower classes in teamwork and basket shooting. The scores for the whole tournament were as follows:

Juniors 38; Freshmen 3.
Seniors 17; Sophomores 0.
Juniors 3; Sophomores 0.
Seniors 33; Freshmen 3.
Seniors 18; Juniors 7.
Sophomores 7; Freshmen 3.

BOYS' CLASS BASKETBALL.

The finals of the basketball tournament that gave the Seniors the class championship were played on December 14. The Sophs ran a close second and nearly won from the Seniors. The preps, although they finished last, fought hard and showed great promise.

The tournament was played in series as follows:

I
Seniors 18; Juniors 6.
Sophomores 15; Preps 3.
II.
Seniors 17; Sophomores 15.
Juniors 16; Preps 14.
III.
Seniors 38; Preps 10.
Sophomores 19; Juniors 14.

TRACK PROSPECTS.

Coach Campbell has only two letter men back around which to build a track team. These are Macy, 440 and 880, and Cory in the weights. There are several promising men who will be eligible for the first time.

The call will be issued March 3. As usual, the squad will practice on the college track in the Iowa State College gymnasium.

Organizations

ASSEMBLIES.

We have had some very good Assemblies from November to January, inclusive. November 9 we had an Armistice Day program and Rev. Hawley spoke to us on the observance of Armistice Day.

Marian Hagen gave a reading and Miss Lynch sang, accompanied by Frances Fish, piano, and Dorothy H. Allen, violin.

November 16, Mrs. Plagge gave us a splendid musical program, assisted by two young men; one played the violin and the other the cello.

November 23—Mrs. Burbank talked to us on "History of Art" and showed us many fine pictures.

November 30—Mrs. Copper read for us and Vina Carr whistled. We enjoyed both numbers very much.

December 7—Rev. Burroughs gave us a splendid talk and on December 14 we had a "movie".

December 19—Prof. MacRae, assisted by Mrs. Schneider on the violin, Miss Cook at the piano and Miss Berg, gave us another fine musical program.

December 21—The 14th Cavalry Band from Ft. Des Moines gave us a very good Special Assembly.

January 11—Mr. Judisch talked to us on "A Successful Life."

January 18—The Hi-Y and Girl Reserves had charge of Assembly.

February 1—A native of the Philippines gave us a splendid talk.

DEBATERS PREPARE FOR YEAR'S SCHEDULE.

The debating team of Ames High School this year faces a very heavy schedule.

Margery Long is captain of the affirmative team, with Kenneth Brown and Mable Lawler as members and Milton Buffington, alternate. Elmo Early is captain of the negative team,

with Margaret Davidson and Frances Jones as members.

The debaters had a dual meet with Newton scheduled for February 14. The negative team came here. The affirmative team lost by seven points and the negative 3 to 0. Another dual meet with Nevada will be held March 27, when the Ames affirmative team will go to Nevada and Nevada's same will come here.

There will be a triangular debate with Ames, Boone and West Waterloo in April. The negative teams will debate at home and the affirmative teams will represent us at Boone and Waterloo.

The subject of these debates will be: Resolved, that the United States Should Further Restrict Immigration. The High School team has also accepted the invitation of Drake University to enter the debate tournament to be held there during the middle of April. Invitations have been extended to fifty-two high schools. The subject will be: Resolved, that the United States Should Enter the World Court of the League of Nations at Once. This tournament is sponsored by David I. McGahill of Pittsburg, Pa., and the award is a beautiful cup.

The work in debating is being directed by Mr. Vanderlinden, Miss Schut and Miss Evans, all of the High School faculty.

ESSAY CONTEST.

Ames High has fifteen entrants in the essay contest in Local Community History for Iowa. This contest is being sponsored by the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs and the State Historical Society.

The students entered under three groups: (1) "The Story of My Grandmother"; "The Story of My Grandfather"; An Old Settler's Story. (2) "A Story in the History of My Community". (3) What Iowa Means to Me.

The prizes are in the sums of \$150.00, first prize; \$100.00, second prize; \$50.00, third prize,

and an additional \$100.00 for best first prize essay. All stories must be in by Feb. 15, 1924, and all written according to rule.

The following are writing in Group 1: Floyd Kelly, William Dale, Margaret Davidson, Winifred Connor, Dorothy Cole, Ida Bonnell, Paul Hefferman and Lyle Porter.

Group 2: Pearl Largent.

Group 3: Arthur Johnson, Milton Buffington, Harian Hagen, Marjorie Chase, Howard Chase and George Thurber.

Each story in the three groups must be a true story about Iowa.

DRAMATICS.

This semester the Dramatic Club has grown and prospered. Several new members have added their names to the already long roll and have added their spirit and help to our programs. Last semester we had very interesting as well as educational programs and with so much new material from which to draw we feel sure that this semester will be even better.

HIGH SCHOOL JUDGING TEAM WINS.

Teams from nine different schools around Ames competed at Iowa State College, Friday, January 18, under the auspices of the agricultural department of Ames High School, in the annual grain, livestock and home economics judging contest.

Each team supplied its own grain and livestock. Nearly forty boys attended the contest and a large number of girls. Three cups were offered to the winners in each class.

Lawrence Mather, Bernis Kingsbury and Win Wickham were the members of the Ames High team entered in both grain and livestock judging. The Ames girls entered in the home economics class were May Richardson, Frances Rogers and Dorothy Kuhn.

Mr. Stevenson coached the boys, while Miss Jacobson had charge of the girls.

Ames won permanent possession of the silver cup presented by the Colo Commercial Club, by winning for the third time the highest score in the contest.

"PARLOR FOOTBALL"

The football game was over,
And by the parlor gate—
A maiden and a long-haired youth
Were lingering rather late.

They talked of punts and drop-kicks,
But that got rather tame,
Till Cupid put his nose-guard on
And butted in the game.

Quoth he, "'Tis mighty funny
If I can't make a match,"
And so he lined that couple up
And made them toe the scratch.

The youth was getting nervous,
Under the weight of his new found bliss,
And sorta thought the skirmish
Ought to end up in a kiss.

So he charged upon the center,
And he tackled left and right,
And the way he held that chair down
Was simply out of sight.

He tried an osculation—
Just an amateur affair—
But he lost it on a fumble
And the thing—it struck the air.

When he landed on her ear,
He heard the maiden say—
"You're penalized for holding, Jim—
And likewise for off-side play."

With teeth set he tried another,
This time succeeding fine,
For he scored an easy touch-down
On that crimson two-yard line.

And as they sat there by the gate,
Communing soul to soul,
The parlor door swung open—
And father kicked the goal.

—Selected.

DECLAMATORY WINNING.

The two preliminary declamatory contests were held February 4 and 5, and the final contest the 7th.

The following winners were chosen: Lois Robinson, dramatic; Kenneth Brown, oratorical; Grace Virginia Browning, humorous.

The winners in each of these classes were the Ames High School representatives in the quadrangular contest at Boone, February 15. Lois Robinson won second for us in the Dramatic class. In the triangular contest between Story City, Nevada and Ames, held here February 20, our contestants carried off two more prizes in both Oratorical and Dramatic classes.



A Lesson in Arithmetic.

He's teaching her arithmetic,
Because that is his mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack by smack
In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back,
And said, "Now that's subtraction."

Then he kissed her, and she kissed him
Without an explanation;
They both together smiled and said,
"Now that's multiplication."

But Dad appeared on the scene,
And made a quick decision.
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
And said, "Now that's division."

Two Jews were in a shipwreck.

Mike: Ike, can you swim?

Ike: No.

Mike: Well, I guess I'll have to leave you.

When Mike reached the shore, he turned around and found Ike also coming to shore.

Mike: I thought you said you couldn't swim.

Ike: Well, I started talking, and after that it was easy.

A stingy farmer was scoring the hired man for carrying a lighted lantern when he went to call on his girl.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "when I was young, I always went courtin' in the dark."

"Yes," replied the hired man sadly, "and look what you got."

Opal T.: Do you like indoor sports?

M. Murray: Yes, but father won't let them stay very long.

Some Distinction.

He: Have you noticed that long hair makes a man look intelligent?

She: Well, I've seen wives pick them off of their husband's coats when it made them look foolish.

Mule in the barnyard, sleepy and slick,
Boy with a cockle-burr on a stick.
Creeps up behind him, quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.
—Clipper.

Mary had a little lamb
But now the poor thing's dead,
And every day it comes to school
Between two chunks of bread.

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends and live without books,
But a civilized man cannot live without cooks.
—Earl of Lytton.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he bumped his shins against the bed,
!!*!!*XZ**?? *!! ??O?

There was a man
Who loved the bees,
He was their dearest friend;
He used to sit upon their hives,
But they stung him in the end.

Helen Ruggles: What is a pedestal?

Miss Evans: It is a stool.

Helen Ruggles: Then is a pedestrian one who sits on a stool?

WHO IS IT?

There is a teacher in our school,
And she's so wondrous wise;
Shes' a dark and quiet teacher,
With deep and twinkling eyes.

In English class we always quake,
A fearful lot are we;
But we bluff her and she bluffs us
In wonderful English three.

She's always ready to have some fun,
She's jolly and full of glee;
We like to have her in our good times,
Our teacher of English three.

But when we're writing our exams,
As we are wont to be,
She doesn't look so jolly then—
Our English teacher, Gee!

And when we flunk at marking time,
And in the exams, Oh, gracious me!
We almost fear to get our cards,
The one of English three.

—Jerrold Feroe, '26.

AMES HI

There is no school like old Ames Hi;
At home or across the sea.
There are no men like the Ames Hi men,
So bold and strong as these.

There is no school like old Ames Hi;
Wherever you chance to stray;
There are no maids like Ames Hi maids,
So beautiful as they.

And Ames Hi men play basketball,
And defeat their rivals keen.
They stand victorious over all,
As it is often seen.

Oh, lovely maids and handsome men,
Shall ever merry be,
And sing the song of old Ames Hi
In cheerfulness and glee.

—Luvern McCoy, '25.

Home, Sweet Home.

My wife and I are still happy. In ten years
of married life we have had only one quarrel
and it is still going on. We were married in a
little town called Pleasantville. It should have
been called Battle Creek. Before we were mar-

ried I told her she had beautiful teeth and
she has not shut her mouth since.

When we were married she came up the aisle
supported by her father and I've been support-
ing the whole family ever since. The minister
looked at me and said, "Wilt thou?" I said
"Yes." He looked at her and said "Wilt
thou?" Then we both wilted.

A TRIBUTE TO A TEACHER

'Twas plane (plain) geometry for most folks,
But a complicated study for me,
I felt like a small canoe,
Being tossed on a rolling sea.

I had to get across—but how?
There was a whole year in front of me,
Then Mr. Vanderlinden came along,
And now I'm across, you see.

Well do I remember
How I toiled through that awful stuff;
But when Mr. Vanderlinden took the helm,
It didn't seem half so rough.

Now that the year is ended,
And I'm over that Geometrical sea,
It was Mr. Vanderlinden who pulled me through
And has made me happy and free.

—Bessie Martin, '24.

A. H. S. Library.

1. "Paradise Lost"—When the "Pep" orches-
tra graduated last year.
2. "Paradise Regained"—Our new "Pep" or-
chestra.
3. "Land of the Heart's Desire"—Where there
are Hi-S. dances.
4. "Last Days of Pompeii"—The end of the
corridor privileges.
5. "Tale of Two Cities"—The Ames-Boone
game.
6. "Much Ado About Nothing"—Miss St.
Clair's notes.
7. "Great Expectations"—For the basketball
season.
8. "All's Well That Ends Well"—The semester
exams.
9. "We Are Seven"—The Bachelors club and
its three old maids.

Miss McCorkindale: What do you consider
the most important date in history?

Alice Belknap: The one Anthony had with
Cleopatra.

Sound travels at the rate of 400 yards per
second. Exceptions, however, to the rule are:

Scandal, 1,000 yards.

Flattery, 500 yards.

Truth, 2 1-2 yards.

Alarm clock —

—College of Pacific Weekly.

D. Clark: Lend me a dollar, will you?

Peely: I'll let you have it when I come back
from Chicago.

D. Clark: When will that be?

Peely: Between ourselves, I'm not going.

Motorst (frantically over phone): I've just
turned turtle.

Voice: Wrong number. Apply at the aquar-
ium.

Member of Spirit Staff: Say, have you for-
gotten to pay me for the "Spirit"?

Student: By no means. Didn't you see me
dodge into that room?

Miss McDannell: Is that clear?

Ernestine Davidson: As clear as mud.

Miss McDannell: Well, that covers the
ground, doesn't it?

Mrs. Miller: Name the thirteen colonies.

Herbert Stiles: Should I name them in or-
der or skip around?

Mrs. Miller: You'd better stand still.

He went into the office,
The picture of despair;
He came back smiling broadly,
The principal wasn't there.

I married a moonshiner's daughter and I love
her still.

Miss Evans: Have you read "To a Field
Mouse?"

Dorothy D.: Why, no. How do you make e'm
listen?

Small Boy (shaking and scolding pet rabbit):
How much is two and two?

Father: Here! Here! Don't treat a poor rab-
bit that way. It can't answer you.

Small Boy: Well, then, they didn't tell the
truth at school. Teacher said rabbits multiply
rapidly and this one can't even add.

—Clipper.

HUNGRY!

EAT AT THE PURITAN

Quality
and
Service

Puritan
Restaurant

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG

There Is Always a "Full Show" at the

Princess Theatre

Every Day After School Is Out—Go to the Matinees—Lots of Time—Bargain Prices

The Seven Ages of Women.

Safety-pins.
Whip-pins.
Hair-pins.
Fraternity-pins.
Diamond-pins.
Clothes-pins.
Rolling-pins.

—Clipper.

Two Jews were walking down the street one cold morning. However, one of them had nothing to say.

"Why don't you talk, Ike?" said Mike.

"You can get your hands cold if you want to, but I want to keep mine warm."

Fair Exchange.

He: Can I call you by your first name?

She: Yes, if I can call myself by your last name.—London Mail.

Jerome Miller: Say, Don, lend me a dime.

Donald Kennedy: Know any more good jokes?

DEBTS

I

I owe Orrie eleven bones,
For which I bought my sweater.
I owe the coach for my fotoball shoes.
From whom I hope to win my letter.

II

To the High School Fund, I will go to next,
To find the money galore,
With which to buy me a football suit
To be covered with blood and gore.

III

To the High School Faculty I owe my grades,
They will be of use to me,
In later life I will try to be
The man they thot was me.

—Thos. Carberry, '25.

The Way of Life.

If you're roasted rather badly,
Just remember that you gladly
Read the jokes
On other folks.

WALSH HAT SHOP

Invites You to Call

PHONE 694-J

319 MAIN STREET

BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS
AND RECORDS

HIGH GRADE PIANOS
AND RADIO SETS

ENESS MUSIC HOUSE

"EVERYTHING MUSICAL"

ALWAYS THE LATEST IN
SHEET MUSIC

GIBSON and WASHBURN STRINGED
INSTRUMENTS

CONKLIN

FOUNTAIN PENS AND PENCILS

A Pen For Every Hand
\$2.75 to \$7.75

Judisch Bros.
Drug Store

The Angler: Is this a public lake, my man?
The Inhabitant: Aye.
The Angler: Then it wont' be a crime if I
land a fish?

The Inhabitant: No, it'll be a miracle.

A charming young singer named Hannah,
Was lost in a flood in Montana.

As she floated away,
Her sister, they say,
Accompanied her on a piano.

Dick Cole: Are all teachers book worms?

Bill Martin: No, geometry teachers aren't.

Dick Cole: How's that?

B. Martin: They're angle worms.

What is the difference between life and love?
Life is one fool thing after another, and love
is two fool things after each other.

Ted Macy: You look sweet enough to eat.

Kate Judge: I do. Where shall we go?

One never leaves "footprints on the sands of
time" if he spends all of his time sitting down.

Logic Is Logic.

No lessons are good lessons.
Poor lessons are better than no lessons.
Therefore, poor lessons are better than good
lessons.

A cross-eyed man was driving an auto when
he ran into a buggy.

"Why don't you look where you're going?"
he shouted to the driver of the horse.

"Why don't you go where you look?" replied
the other.

First Actor (rehearsing play): What are you
in this play, anyhow?

Second Actor: Oh! I'm the stage coach; what
are you?

First Actor: I'm the fast mail.

Dorothy Smith: How is it that he never
takes you to the theater any more?

Cleo Lockwood: Well, one evening it rained
and we sat in the parlor.

Dorothy Smith: Well?

Cleo: Ever since then—Oh, I don't know;
but dont' you think theaters are an awful bore?

AMES

PANTORIUM

MASTER CLEANERS

We Call For and
Deliver

Phone 231 208 Main St.

"The Clipper"—Monmouth, Illinois.

We think that "The Clipper" is a superior publication, and we are especially interested in "Splinters." Some of the clever contents of this column are:

Girls nowadays are very much like salads—a great deal depends on the dressing.

A girl bade her escort named Chaucer
To tilt on a teeter and toss her;
She said with a thud
As she lit in the mud,
I never saw such a saucy see-saw sir!

Mable: Why do you suppose Harry is sending just one rose each day?

Martin: I suppose he is saying it with flowers, and you know he stutters.

Hey diddle diddle,
Love is a riddle,
A man vowed he would
Never be wed.
A little girl laughed to see such sport,
And his heart ran away with his head.

HAVE YOU BEEN A

SCOUT

FOR FIVE YEARS?

REGISTER AS A VETERAN
SCOUT AT SCOUT
HEADQUARTERS

Mc CURDY'S

BARBER SHOP

Under

Commercial Savings Bank

HAVE YOU TRIED

**MURRAY'S
CHOCOLATES**

A Fresh Supply in Bulk and

Packages at

Howard Adams

BEST ELECTRIC CO.

Everything Electrical

RADIO SUPPLIES

VACUUM CLEANERS

ELECTRIC WASHERS

ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

ELECTRIC RANGES

Advice.

"Be on the level," said the square.

"Never get unstrung," said the telegraph line.

"Keep your tongue still," said the wagon.

"Don't be a striker," said the match.

"Have a keen eye," said the needle.

"Don't break your neck," said the bottle.

"Be sure to look things over," said the telescope.

"Don't talk harsh," said the phonograph.

"Hold tight to what you have," said the staple puller.

"Never bum around," said the bomb.

"Always hold your temper," said the cold chisel.

"Always keep things smooth," said the plane.

"Grasp at every opportunity," said the pinchers.

"Always reflect on things first," said the mirror.

A loving son is one who lets his father use his own auto occasionally.

The football game between Minnesota and Iowa was held in the assembly room of Luverne High School last Saturday—that is, by means of the new radio set. The students feel quite proud of their new radio and hope to enjoy many pleasant radio concerts during the winter.

"The Lariat"—Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A dance given by the Students' Association Thursday, November 29, was a decided success. The Louisiana Foot Warmers furnished the music for the thirteen number program. The proceeds go to the Athletic Association.

"The Jeff Booster"—Lafayette, Indiana.

A successful popularity contest has been staged at Jefferson High School, so as to determine the most popular girl from each class. The four winning girls will have a full page picture each in the '24 Nautilus, the high school annual.

"D. H. S. Porpoise"—Daytona, Florida.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Kick and you kick alone;

For the cheerful grin will let you in,
Where the kicker is never known.

The Girls' Glee Club presented a very successful operetta, "The Love Pirates of Hawaii," on December 6. The operetta was a musical comedy aided by effective scenery, stage setting and lighting. The cast, which was made up of forty-nine girls, included a villain, a pair of lovers and a prim old maid, who helped admirably in the development of the plot.

"The Clintonian"—Clinton, Iowa.

The Girl Reserves of Clinton had a supper meeting, November 4. The subject, "World Fellowship," was freely discussed, and a pantomime of China was given to carry out the idea, after which the new members were initiated.

I'll now sing that old ballad, "I've got money enough to last me the rest of my life—if I die tonight."

"What a dead place," said the tourist as he looked at the grave yard.

Miss Atwood: Is that gum you are chewing? Bring it up here.

Louis Judisch: Here, I'll give you a fresh stick.

Buy Your Milk and Cream

From

ROE BROTHERS

Our Motto Is Service and Quality

Phone 62

I

When the teacher up and says it,
You know just what I mean,
When she up and says let's write a bit,
There's when I wrack my "bean".
Now the thing that teachers say to do
Is study every day;
But if the teachers only knew,
"Lets write," they'd never say.

II

I know that tests are wonderful,
But this I fail to see;
So when the teacher says lets write—
You'll hear me say, "Oh, gee."
But after all that's said and "did",
Pa says I'm just a little kid,
And after 'bout a hundred years
I'll look back and think with tears
Of the happy days I spent in school.
But, "he ain't me, I'm nobody's fool."
—Dwight Clark, '26.

Warm words won't start a cold motor.

The Sheldon-Munn Barber Shop

When You think of SHOES
think of us



ALL HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS LOOK FOR THE NEW THINGS FIRST

AT

Shipley Pedersen Co.
Drygoods Ready-to-Wear

LEATHER GOODS

TRUNKS, BAGS

and SUIT CASES

D. E. PARSONS

310 Main St. Phone 721-W

A negro was beating it for the back areas as fast as he could go, when he was stopped by a white officer.

"Don't delay me, suh," said the negro. "I's gotta be on my way."

"Boy," replied the officer, "do you know who I am I'm a general."

"Go on, white man, you ain't no general."

"I certainly am," insisted the officer, angrily.

"Lordy!" exclaimed the negro, taking a second look, "you sure is! I musta been travelin' some, 'cause I didn't know I'd got back that far yit."

"When the frost is on the pumpkin" and the coal is in the bin, you wouldn't ask a better world to spend the winter in.

Miss St. Clair (in Caesar): Why did they have trumpets in Caesar's time?

Ruth Shanahan: To get 'em up in the morning.

We hear that Ducky talks in his sleep; he recited in class the other day.

THE SPIRIT OF AMES HIGH

I

When school begins in the fall,
We go there to study and play football;
The boys go out, and fight and try
To make a team for old Ames High.

II

Then we have a game or more,
The boys fight like they never fought before.
Win or lose, they never sigh.
Because they will for Ames High.

III

Then when the snow is falling fast,
And the football season's past,
They turn toward another goal, and why?
It's because they will for Ames High.

IV

This game is usually played at night,
But day or night they always fight;
It's a game where they use their brain and eye,
They can and will for Ames High.

V

But they cannot play basketball all spring,
Because there still is another thing.

Pictures that Please Frames that Satisfy

**DUCKWORTH
& SON**

Art Store

D. J. BULLOCK HDW. CO.

Sporting Goods

Auto Supplies

House Furnishing Goods

PAINTS and VARNISH

An event which takes place under the blue sky.
Here again the boys are working for Ames High.

VI.

They are out for track and running fast,
To beat all records of the past.
They have fought with spirit never shy,
And have done what we would like to, for Ames High.

—Eugene Eness, '26.

Miss McDannell: John, you have no date on your paper. Above all things, I want a date.

John Hawley: All right; how about the show tonight?

Mr. Vanderlinden: Give for one year the amount of coal shipped out of the United States.

Geo. Williamson: 1492—none.

Miss Heald: The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Weston Jones.

Professor: What is the center of gravity?

Student: The letter "v".

FORWARD

Forward! Onward! Never turn back;
Face all obstacles, do not slack;
Don't go around them or try to slide thru,
But forward, over the top, sure and true!

No matter the way be sharp or rough,
Men were made of sterner stuff
Than to cringe and whimper and lay down in
the muck;
If victory's worth anything, its' worth all you've
got.

Dont' think you're beaten if flat on your back,
That's not the time to let go your pluck;
But come up smiling, honor bright,
Again to battle to fight for the right!

Don't turn yellow at the sight of a fist,
Don't be discouraged at the turn of a wrist,
But forward! Onward! Fight the way free!
Send the ball to the goal, straight for victory!
—Winifred Conner.

Dorothy Thompson: Ducky, I think you're
wonderful.
Cleo Duckworth: For once we agree.

CALL 43

for
SERVICE, QUALITY
and
PRICE

NELSON ELECTRIC CO.

EASTER NOVELTIES

Be sure to see our
line of chocolate rab-
bits, eggs and can-
ies for Easter.

The best we can buy.

Godard's Gift Shop

A POEM???

I

I think that I shall never see
A poem such as written by me.
Some day, maybe, yes—no doubt,
I'll grab a pen and fight it out.

II

Our English teacher, the other day,
Said, "Listen, folks, this is the day
We'll write a poem and see which one
Wins the cup of coffee and the dog biscuit
bun."

III

There once was a boy said, "Shall they rhyme?"
The teacher then answered, "Foolish question
number nine."
And so that is the way it goes,
When it comes to a poem, nobody knows.

IV

Just where to begin, just when and how,
If I were to write one, I allow
That the joke would surely be on me,
'Cause I can't write a poem any more than a
flea.

V

I think a poem is the hardest thing to write.
I couldn't make one rhyme if I sat up all night.
I'll bet if my English teacher could even
Write a poem that is good and clever,
She'd think she was smart, and I would too,
Because that is something that I cant' do.
—George W. Akin, '26.

CARNIVAL NIGHT

Say ,folks, I guess that none of you
Has ever been to the Ames High Carnival;
They have everything there you ever did see,
And some things you'd think couldn't be.
Yes, sir!

The circus sure is hard to beat,
With its hair raisin' feats,
And the clowns and giraffes all make you laugh
Till you can't hardly sit in your seat.
Yes, sir!

An' the blacked up folks in the minstrel show,
With the songs they sing and the jokes they
spring,
Are clever and up-to-date,
Sure can keep you interested at any rate.
Yes, sir!

An 'the vaudeville with its clever stunts,
And dancers none excel,
Sure takes the cake,
And you'll like it mighty well.
Yes, sir!

An' that ain't all there is to do;
They've got fortune tellers, too,
And side shows that are great,
And the cause is good, and the expense is small
And you ought to go, one and all.
Yes, sir!

Ruth Baker '25.

Miss McDannells: "What does Au Revoir
mean?"

Marian Hagen: "Goodby in French."

John Hawley: "What does Carbolic Acid
mean?"

Wolcott S: "Goodby in any language."

Miss St. Claire (in Latin): "Who were
Caesar's parents, Lewis?"

Lewis Harter: "Mr. and Mrs. Caesar."

Red Dunlap (yawning): Well, I must be off.
Helen Kalenberg: That's what I thought
when I first met you.

PRICES AGAIN REDUCED

(SECOND REDUCTION IN TWO WEEKS)

PHILADELPHIA
Diamond Grid Batteries



FORD BATTERIES

Wood Case, guaranteed 1 year.....\$15.00	Rubber Case, guaranteed 1 year.....\$17.00
2-YEAR GUARANTEE\$25.50	

6-Volt 13-Plate, guaranteed 1 year.....\$18.50	6-Volt 13-Plate, guaranteed 2 years..\$30.00
12-Volt 7-Plate, guaranteed 2 years...\$35.00	

NOW

Is the Time to Have Your Battery Examined and Put in Shape for Spring.

We are distributors for genuine Philco Diamond Grid Batteries—for every known
purpose. Distributors for U. S. Armatures. Complete stock for all starters and gener-
ators.

Ames Storage & Battery Company

MASONIC BLDG.

PHONE 418

MELBURG BAKE SHOP

Fancy Cakes and
Pastries a Specialty

High School Carnival Program

MARCH 21, 1924

THE FOLLOWING EVENTS WILL SHOW ACCORDING TO THE TIME INDICATED:

GENERAL ADMISSION INTO THE BUILDING 10c

THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING WILL BE OPEN AT 7:00 O'CLOCK

7:15—7:45	County Fair	Sophomore Class—Gymnasium.....	Admission 10c
7:50—8:20	Vaudeville	Senior Class—Auditorium.....	Admission 10c
8:25—8:55	Junior Jinnestan	Junior Class—Auditorium.....	Admission 10c
9:00—9:30	County Fair	Sophomore Class—Gymnasium.....	Admission 10c
9:35—10:05	Vaudeville	Senior Class—Auditorium.....	Admission 10c
10:10-10:40	Junior Jinnestan	Junior Class—Auditorium.....	Admission 10c

Continuous	King Tut's Tomb.....	Room 104
Continuous	House of Mirth.....	Room 205
Continuous	Fortune Telling	Room 102
Continuous	Shooting Gallery.....	Room 5
Continuous	Hot Eats	Typewriting Room

For Reference

Not to be taken

from this library

ANYTHING YOU WANT

in the line of sporting goods can be had at "Gus Martin's". Most complete line of sporting goods in Story County.

TRACK, TENNIS, BASE BALL GOODS

Come Look Them Over

Prices Lower
Down Town

GUS MARTIN
Two Stores

Quality Best
Campustown

PROPERTY OF



RY STUDENT

operate a typewriter. Some time in your life
ge that will help you.

ENT ONE ON EASY TERMS

s and Make It Easy For You to Have One

COME AND SEE

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN

Ames News Stand